

In the Darkness, I Will Sleep

by Silver Wolf 626

Category: Wicked, Wizard of Oz

Genre: Drama, Fantasy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-10-31 22:15:41

Updated: 2012-11-20 23:20:06

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:01:47

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 7,688

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: After Elphaba and Fiyero are reunited, they find themselves the sudden caretakers of a mysterious emerald orb and its contents. The lovers are soon thrust into a dangerous plot that not only involves their fate and the fate of Oz, but of Time itself. Legend says the Time Dragon dreams of the world, but what happens when it wakes up? Rated T for future content - Fiyeraba

## 1. Prologue

(\_Hello Fan Fiction and all my fellow readers! Silverwolf626 back with yet another wild story! A couple weekends ago, my mom introduced me to the CD of Wicked and I instantly fell in love with it! Thanks to multiple Youtube clips and the book by Gregory Maguire, plus a little imagination of my own, I decided to write my own story of what happened after the musical. And just in time for Halloween!\_

\_Disclaimer: I do not own Wicked. If I did, I'd be seeing it every weekend!\_)\_

And Goodness knows

The Wicked's lives are lonely

Goodness knows

The Wicked die alone

It just shows when you're Wicked

You're left only

On your own

- Glinda in No One Mourns The Wicked

The man sprinted across the dark streets, his feet pounding on the cobbled stones. Coming to a corner his feet slid as he made a tight turn and hurried down a tight alley with a burst of speed.

Yellow light pooled about the sidewalk and the man slowed to a stiff walk as a magnificent castle loomed high above him. But the grand sight of the castle did not awe him. Slowly, the man reached out a hand and ran it across the smooth emerald surface of the castle wall until he found what he wanted, and pushed. With a light click, a door opened into the wall and the man stepped through, pausing as the door slammed shut behind him.

Cloth rustled beside him and he turned his head to see a tall man dressed in the green and gold uniform of the Emerald City guards.

"Do you have it?"

The man shook his head and the guard sighed heavily, his voice like a growl. "She will not be pleased with you Tosh."

"It's Tock!" the man snarled, keeping his face hidden in the shadows. "And she will have to wait. Retrieving something as powerful as that is a slow process that cannot be rushed!"

The guard snorted and switched the torch he was holding in his right hand to his left. "You will have to report that to her yourself," the guard turned to hide his smirk. "Though I doubt you'll have a good reaction."

Tock glared at the guard's back. "Just take me to her."

With a shrug, the guard led the man down a long hallway carved out of stone. Despite the fact the hall was well secured, it was cold and a slight chill shivered down Tock's back. Grabbing the edges of his coat Tock pulled it tighter around him as he was led through the hall until the guard reached a heavy wooden door. With a rattle of keys, the guard unlocked the door and it opened.

The two men stepped through the doorway and into another hall filled with cells. Tock gazed warily at the cells as he followed the guard to yet another door, but this one was guarded by a large brawny man who glared at the men.

"The prisoner has a visitor." Tock's escort stated matter-of-factly to the guard.

The lock clicked and the door swung open to reveal a large room with most of its space taken up by a massive cell. Tock stepped into the room and jumped as the door behind him closed with a slam. Fighting back his fear, Tock stared at the cell and, taking a deep breath, stepped up to the thick iron bars.

"You took your time." A deep voice said from the shadows.

Tock sighed, knowing this would not be easy. "I know, but it was not that simple. I barely made it out in one piece."

"Heh," the voice grunted. "Then I take it you failed to retrieve what I desire?" When Tock failed to answer, the voice sighed. "You told me

it would be a simple job. If it was so simple, then why do you not have it?"

Despite the calm tone, Tock knew he was treading on thin ice. "Itâ€|it was not as how I remembered it. Seems like they up-ed the ante for security since I last was there."

Something stirred in the shadows and a figure rose, tall and vaguely feminine. "Are you saying that I should find another to do the job?"

"No!" Tock shouted, his voice edging desperation. "I can do it! It will just take a little more time." He scooted closer to the bars, glad that they stood between him and his employer. "But I can retrieve the book."

The figure nodded. "See that you do. If I wish to have my revenge correctly, then I will need the book to do it." Shadows shifted and the figure moved to the bars, causing Tock to step back into a faint beam of moonlight that drifted in through a barred window. The silver light fell on the prisoner's face, revealing the large fish-like face of a woman dressed in a dark green outfit trimmed in gold.

Madame Morrible grinned wickedly at the trembling man and gripped the bars of her cell. "That bubbly little goody-two shoes will regret the day she locked me away when I show her what it is like to be placed in \_captivity!\_"

(\_So, there you go, I hope you enjoyed it! Sorry for the shortness of the prologue, but I promise chapter 1 will be longer. Please review, and I will see you in the first chapter, which will come soon!\_)

\_Happy Halloween!\_)

## 2. The Emerald Orb

(\_For anyone who is wondering, I am going to be using quite a bit from the movie Wizard of Oz. The story came from a mix of the book and the musical, but the movie will be playing a big role as well.\_)

\_Special thanks to xMegxGirya for helping me get this puppy going!  
\_

\_And now for the disclaimers, which I hate: I do not own the book and musical Wicked, or the movie The Wizard of Oz\_)

### Chapter 1: The Emerald Orb

Fihero stumbled through the dark forest, tripping over the roots and logs with his straw-filled legs. The man-turned-scarecrow cursed loudly as he wobbled and fought to gain his balance and leaned against a thick tree.

"Damn it!" he hissed snatching up a clump of hay that had fallen out of a hole in his pant leg. "At this rate I'll get to Kiamo Ko by next winter!" Something shifted in the bushes behind him and Fihero pushed off the tree, his legs quivering as he hurried away. "If the

straw-eating animals don't get me first!"

As he stumbled on, a smile appeared on Fiyero's face as he thought back to a slightly similar situation involving a dark forest, but it had been more than just him.

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>I don't like this forest," Dorothy whispered, grabbing the Scarecrow and Tin Man by the arms. "It-it's dark andâ€|creepy."<em>

"\_Of course I don't know," Scarecrow tried to fight the fear in his voice. "But, I suppose it'll get darker before it gets lighter.\_

\_Dorothy turned to Tin Man, her eyes wide. "Do you suppose we'll meet any wild animals?"\_

\_Tin Man thought for a moment and scanned the dark trees surrounding them. "We might."\_

\_At that, Scarecrow whirled around to face the Tin Man. "Animals that-that eat \_straw?" \_

"\_Uh, mostly some," Tin Man said in a matter-of-fact tone. "But, mostly lions, and tigers, and bears."\_

"\_Lions?" Dorothy repeated.\_

"\_And tigers?" Added Scarecrow.\_

"\_And bears." Tin Man finished.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Fiyero smirked at the memory as he jumped over a log, reminiscing the girl who had helped give Oz a change of pace. Whether it was for good or for the moment, he did not know. All he cared about now was reaching Kiamo Ko to see if his plan had worked.<p>

Finally after stumbling and tripping for hours on end, a large castle rose up from the edge of the forest. Fiyero sighed and scrambled up the steep cliff of rocks, but froze as a rock he had grabbed wobbled in place. Now did he wish he had the Tin Man's ax to aid him in his climbing. But he was on his own and he needed to get to the castle.

Rocks fell and crashed against the ground as Fiyero continued to scale the cliff, gripping the stones in his straw-gloved hands. Reaching the top, Fiyero turned around and began climbing down the face. Just as he stepped down, a large rock slipped from place and the scarecrow let out a yelp as he lost his balance and tumbled down with the rock.

Thankfully the impact didn't hurt his body and Fiyero thanked the fact that he was made of straw. A pebble hit the ground by his hand and he looked up to see more rocks falling down to him. Fiyero scrambled up and raced across the drawbridge as the rocks crashed down. Reaching the large heavy door, Fiyero grabbed the iron handle,

pulled open the door, and sprinted inside.

The room was just as it had been left after the skirmish, a heavy metal chandelier lay on the stone floor with small cracks fissuring from the impact. Just as Fiyero closed the door, a low rumble of thunder echoed outside and he sighed in relief. Even though fire was the last thing he wanted to encounter in his state, rain was not very friendly to straw either.

Fiyero hurried down the hallways and across the bridge that led to a tower with a pointed roof. Lightning flashed across the sky and he increased his speed to avoid the oncoming rain. Sliding to a halt, the scarecrow found himself in the small rounded room where Dorothy had thrown a bucket of water on the Wicked Witch of the West.

A black pointed hat stood in the center of the room, standing straight up like a black flag to mark the spot where the Witch had met her demise. Or, Fiyero thought as he approached the hat, so they thought. Kneeling down, he lifted the hat from its spot and held it tightly, hoping that the story Glinda had told the citizens of Oz was not true.

Running his hands along the floor, Fiyero scanned the cracks until he found a small line that did not fit the placement of the stones. Fiyero followed the line as it cut a small square in the floor and slid his fingers down the line.

"Elphaba," he whispered and banged his fist on the trapdoor.

\* \* \*

><p>The banging woke Elphaba from the dazed sleep she had fallen in after she had gone through the trapdoor to fool everyone into thinking she had melted. The space was small and cramped, making it not all that easy for her to move around. Slowly, the green witch reached up to the square door and pushed it open to reveal a familiar, if slightly altered, face.<p>

"Fiyero!"

Elphaba thought her heart would leap from her chest with the joy that filled her body as she stretched out her arms. Taking the hint, Fiyero reached down and pulled her out of the hole and set her gently on the floor, only to pull her into a tight hug. Elphaba wrapped her arms around Fiyero and held onto him, afraid that this was only a dream, but she knew it was real. Fiyero was here, with her, and alive.

Fiyero felt Elphaba shudder in his arms and he couldn't hold back the smile as her body shook with sobs. "Elphaba," he whispered, leaning back and keeping his arms tight around her. "It worked."

With a small chuckle, Elphaba sighed and slowly pulled back from Fiyero but his arms stayed around her. "Yes, I guess it did." She smiled and ran a hand down the side of his face, her fingers playing with a stray stick of hay.

"You did your best," Fiyero covered her hand with his and wiped away her tears. "You saved my life."

Elphaba chocked back a soft sob and met his light blue eyes. "You're still beautiful."

"You don't have to lie."

Unable to hold it back, the green woman laughed and Fiyero held her in another hug. They would have stayed in the room forever, but a crack of thunder shook the roof as a flash of lightning filled the tower with a blinding blue-white light.

"Maybe," Fiyero turned his head from Elphaba to look out the window at the dark storm-filled sky. "We should find a more suitable shelter before we resume our little reunion."

Not wanting another water related incident to occur that day, Elphaba nodded and they stood. Reluctantly, Fiyero released Elphaba from his arms but held her hand as they hurried back to the safety of the castle. No sooner did they enter the building the skies opened up to release a torrential downpour that pounded the castle roof.

Fiyero leaned back against the castle wall and wrapped his arms around Elphaba as she rested her head on his shoulder. "Elphaba?" He turned his head so he could see her face. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," her voice shook from exhaustion. "It's justâ€¦" she lifted her eyes to Fiyero's, hazel meeting blue. "I wish that Glinda could know we were alive."

"No." It hurt Fiyero to say it, but he knew the risk of their survival being known would be disastrous. "She can't know that we're both alive. It's too risky for us, and for Glinda. If all of Oz found out that you faked your deathâ€¦"

Elphaba was glad that he did not finish the sentence and leaned against his chest, straw rustling beneath her head. \_If only I could find a way to return him to a human,\_ she thought, remembering the power of the Grimmerie. \_But once a spell has been cast, you can't break it.\_

Fiyero looked at the woman in his arms, knowing what she was thinking, and tightened his arms around her. \_You did it to save my life, and even though it wasn't what you were looking for, it worked.\_ Slowly, Fiyero slid a hand up Elphaba's back and to the back of her neck. Looking up in confusion, Elphaba saw a light shine in the scarecrow's eyes and her heart suddenly began to beat ten times its normal pace. Fiyero's hand moved again to beneath her jaw and rested there and, cupping her chin, leaned down.

Just as Elphaba raised her face to meet his a window suddenly crashed open, startling them from the moment.

Fiyero grabbed Elphaba's arm and whipped her behind him, his eyes narrowed as a dark shape scrambled through the window. With a shriek, the shape slipped on the wet windowsill and tumbled to the floor, but before it made contact, two wings sprouted from the back and slowed the descent. Once the shape landed on the floor, it shook its wet body and began to move towards the couple with a strange hopping motion. As it passed by a still burning torch, Elphaba's eyes widened at the bright red jacket and black bat wings.

"Chistery?"

The flying monkey chattered noisily and hopped up to Elphaba and Fiyero. His dark brown fur and jacket were dripping wet from the rain and his tail flicked water in the air. Nestled in the crook of his left arm was a strange round shape that he held close to his chest. With an annoyed screech the monkey shook his body, sending water everywhere.

Elphaba backed away from the water and looked at Fiyero, who stared warily at the winged monkey. "I think it's best if we build a fire for him, just so he can dry off."

Fiyero nodded slowly and moved away from the monkey to a window that overlooked the mountains. "As long as he doesn't rip me apart like the last time."

"He won't." Elphaba sighed as she made her way to the fireplace nestled against the far wall. Chistery hopped beside her, the object still tucked in his arm. As he followed Elphaba a small square envelope fluttered to the ground, catching Fiyero's eye.

The scarecrow pushed off the wall and walked to the envelope and picked it up, shaking off the water that it had begun to absorb. Fiyero turned over the envelope but saw no name written on the front, only a drawing of a dragon perched on top a clock with the hands pointing to 10:30. The details of the dragon were surprising; sharp jagged horns that sprouted from a proud head, blade-like spikes running down its spine, curved claws, and a long tail with a sharp spike at the end.

At the fireplace, Chistery waited until Elphaba had started a fire before finally setting down the round object he had been carrying. To the witch's surprise, the object was a large emerald green orb that glittered in the firelight like a precious stone. Since the monkey seemed to no longer take notice with the orb, Elphaba crouched down to look at the orb.

The exact size was hard to tell so Elphaba guessed that it was around the size of a melon. A melon made entirely out of emerald, with dark and light green veins that wound like vines and shot through the surface like jagged lightning bolts. The light from the fire glinted off the orb with an enchanting gleam that almost seemed to take it in. When Elphaba placed her hand on the round top she found it warm to the touch and a strange sound filled her ears. It was a soft melodic sound that reminded her of a child humming.

"Elphaba?"

The witch turned to see Fiyero holding an envelope in his hand and staring at the front with a confused look on his face. Lifting the orb, Elphaba tucked it in the crook of her arm and hurried to Fiyero.

"What is it?"

Without speaking Fiyero held out the envelope to show Elphaba the strange drawing on the front. "What is that?"

"A dragon."

The scarecrow gave her a look. "I can see that. What I meant was what does it mean? A dragon sitting atop a clock?" He then noticed the orb she was holding. "What is-"

"I don't know." Elphaba held up the orb for Fiyero to see and its surface caught a flash of lightning. "I've never seen anything like it before, at least," she paused. "I don't believe I have."

Fiyero looked at her and narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I think," Elphaba whispered, lowering the orb. "I may have seen it in a book somewhere, but I can't remember where." She turned around to face Fiyero and looked from the envelope to the orb. "Have you opened that?"

Turning the envelope in his hands, Fiyero opened it and pulled out a thin piece of paper. The writing was faint and hard to read but they were able to make out the words:

\_Power ofâ€|Dragon. Great importanceâ€|safety of Ozâ€|must be protectedâ€|entrustedâ€|Elphabaâ€|the West.\_

The moment Elphaba had read her name she felt a chill run down her spine and she looked at Fiyero. "Someone knows we're here."

"Maybe," Fiyero said quickly, pointing to the writing on the paper. "This must have been written either before or right when the people came here to-"

"Kill me." Elphaba finished and her hand unconsciously tightened on the orb. The light hum filled her ears and Elphaba looked down at the object, its emerald surface matching the color of her skin. "What is this thing? I might have seen a picture of it in a book once, but,"

A gloved hand fell on the top and Elphaba looked up into Fiyero's eyes. "Whatever it is," he whispered. "Someone obviously wants you to watch over it."

"Apparently," Elphaba said quietly. "But, why me?"

Fiyero shook his head but kept his eyes on the green woman in front of him. "I don't know."

A warm sensation filled their hands and they looked down to the orb Elphaba held and jumped as it began to tilt towards her.

"What in Oz?"

Fiyero gave a sudden yelp as the orb's temperature grew hot and he jumped back as it gave a lurch, causing Elphaba to drop it in surprise.

"Sweet Oz," Elphaba whispered, her face registering pure shock as they watched the orb shudder. The veins surrounding it began to pulse with a faint green light as the orb started to roll about. Chistery, who had been perched by the fire, screeched and jumped onto the shelf above the fireplace.



A crack of thunder suddenly echoed through the room as a fissure shot through the emerald surface. Elphaba jumped out of the way of the rolling orb and Fiyero grabbed her and held her as they watched. The orb cracked again and suddenly bumped into a bucket that sat by the fire, and stopped. With a sudden jerk, the orb shot into the air as if it had been kicked and landed with a splash in the wooden bucket.

Chistery chattered with excitement as they watched the bucket shake violently, water sloshing over the edge. With a final jump, the bucket stopped moving and Elphaba and Fiyero stared at it with stunned expressions.

"What in Oz was that?" Fiyero whispered, waiting for the bucket to explode or catch fire, or something.

Elphaba shook her head and stared at the bucket. "I don't know." Just when she thought of approaching the bucket, a sudden noise came to her ears. A very faint chirp had bubbled from the mouth of the bucket.

Taking a breath, Elphaba stepped from Fiyero's arms and, despite his protests, made her way across the room to where the bucket innocently sat. Another chirp came from the wooden object as she neared it, making her stop. Suddenly, a splash of water shot from the surface as a tiny creature broke through and the moment Elphaba realized what it was, she froze.

Soft emerald down covered the creature's tiny body and it shook itself to be rid of the water, looking like a waterlogged cat. A long thin tail flicked side to side as its ruby colored eyes looked around the room with curiosity. A line of small onyx black bumps ran down the spine to the end of its lizard-like tail and two more bumps sat behind its pointed ears. The creature turned its head to Elphaba and the ruby eyes widened as it took in her green skin and looked at its own emerald-colored body. With an excited chirp, the creature placed a paw on the edge of the bucket and it toppled over, spilling water all over the stone floor.

Fiyero approached Elphaba from behind and stared at the creature, as it lay spread-eagle on the floor. "Is that?"

"Yes," Elphaba said as she watched the creature fight to stand on its weak and wobbly legs. "A baby dragon."

(So, there you go! Elphaba and Fiyero are reunited, and become the unexpected parents of a baby dragon! This might seem random now, but I promise there is a reason for my madness behind the dragon.)

Alrighty, I'm gonna need a bit of help with the little bugger. I already have a name for it, but I'm open for ideas on how its power will turn out. A fire breather? Magic user? Weather controller? I'm open for suggestions! I hope this chapter wasn't too painful to read!

I will say right now that school decided to up the ante with homework for me, Figures, and right when I start a new story! I don't know how often the updates will come, and when, but they will come. A cookie to anyone who can guess the significance of the time on the

clock.\_

\_For my Heart of Swan fans, don't worry, I'm still working on that one and have not given up on it.\_

\_Okay, that's enough ranting on my part. Please review and tell me what you think of this. See ya in the next chapter!\_)

### 3. How To Train Your Dragon

(\_We where all thinking it!\_)

\_Disclaimer: I don not own the book/musical Wicked or the Title of the movie How to Train Your Dragon\_)

#### Chapter 2: How to Train Your Dragon

The dragon squeaked in annoyance as its tiny legs quivered from the effort to stand and lifted its head to the woman standing before it. Taking in the emerald color of the woman's skin, the dragon looked at the soft down covering its body to see it was the exact same color. Something filled the dragon's chest, a strange warm sensation that made its little body tremble and it took a small step to the green woman. Forgetting the weakness in its legs the dragon chirped in surprise as its body fell forward and it shot out a paw to steady itself.

Fiyero and Elphaba stared at the baby dragon, unsure of what to do and watched its clumsy attempt to walk.

"A dragon." Fiyero whispered, immediately wanting to get as far away from the little creature as he could.

Elphaba nodded but could not take her eyes off the small creature as it looked up at her with its wide ruby eyes and chirped again. The dragon threw out a paw and squeaked in excitement at its success and Elphaba couldn't stop herself from smiling. "Lively for a new-born, isn't it?"

"You could say that."

Confused at the distance in Fiyero's voice Elphaba turned around to see the scarecrow pressed against the far wall.

"What are you doing?"

Fiyero looked at Elphaba as if she was wearing a pink tutu. "Staying away from the fire breather, that's what I'm doing."

Elphaba laughed. "Oh please Fiyero," she looked back at the baby dragon. "It just hatched. I doubt it'll-"

"\_Chu!\_" The dragon sneezed and its little body jerked back as a tiny spurt of flame shot from its mouth. Elphaba jumped back as the tiny flame hit the wet stone floor and sputtered for a moment before going out. She looked down at the startled dragon and crouched down, trying not to laugh as the creature slipped on a puddle of water and rolled onto its back.

"You where quick to prove me wrong." She held out her hand to the baby dragon and it sniffed her fingers. Now that she was closer to it, Elphaba realized that the body of the dragon was a strange mix of human and feline. Its snout was short and the ears where almost triangular, but the arms appeared to be slightly longer than the legs. What she had thought to be paws where clenched fists with tiny fingers curled into its palms. Something moved on its back and Elphaba's eyes widened as two small black wings stirred over the emerald down.

"Fiyero," Elphaba looked over her shoulder to the scarecrow. "Why would a baby dragon be brought to Kiamo Ko?"

"I have no idea," Fiyero slowly inched back to Elphaba, his eyes on the dragon. "Is it even a dragon, or a Dragon?"

Elphaba shook her head and returned her gaze to the baby creature, which had begun to playfully swipe at her hand with a paw. "At the moment, I can't tell. Are there even such things as Dragons? From what I've read, dragons are said to have strange abilities. There is, however, one thing I can say about it." She trailed a finger under the dragon's chin and scratched, earning a light purr in return. "It's a girl."

Fiyero raised an eyebrow and glanced at the witch. "How'd you guess that?"

"When she rolled over." Elphaba pulled back her hand and rested it on her knee, gazing at the baby dragon closely. The dragon, realizing it was not getting any attention, rolled around until it could sit on its haunches and met Elphaba's gaze. Ruby gazed into hazel and a soft hum began to fill Elphaba's mind as she and the dragon stared into each other's eyes. Something drew Elphaba's mind to the dragon as she stared into its eyes, listening to the soft hum in her head.

"Kro."

Fiyero blinked and looked down at Elphaba. "What was that?" He then saw the gaze between the dragon and Elphaba and placed his hand on her shoulder.

Elphaba blinked like she was coming out of a daze and looked up at Fiyero, seeing the concern in his eyes. "I don't know where that came from, but," she looked back at the baby dragon and it chirped. "I think we'll call her Kro."

"Kro." Fiyero echoed. Slowly, he looked from Elphaba to the dragon and, despite his worry of the creature, smiled. "Sounds like a fitting name."

Kro tilted her head at Fiyero's smile and pulled back her lips to mimic the expression, showing her gummy mouth. With a light chirp she rested her fists on the floor and slowly uncurled her fingers, flexing the short appendages.

Chistery, who had been watching from atop the fireplace, dropped down next to the dragon and gazed at her curiously. Kro looked up at the winged monkey and chirped at him, to which Chistery responded with a bark.

Elphaba laughed and turned to Fiyero. "It looks as if they're talking to each other."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they are," Fiyero muttered and looked at Elphaba. "I'm not going to lie to you, it's very unnerving to know we have a baby fire breathing dragon in the castle."

"I don't blame you," Elphaba nodded. "But, if that letter was meant for me then," she turned back to Kro, who was trying to mimic Chistery's hop. "We'll have to take care of her."

Fiyero sighed. "As long as she doesn't breathe fire around me, I'm good." His eyebrows furrowed and he looked from Kro to Elphaba. "I do have one question." Elphaba turned to him and the scarecrow bit his lip. "Exactly how do we raise a baby dragon?"

\* \* \*

><p>The light of the moon fell down on the wide plain, turning the long blades of grass into shining silver strands. A wind drifted lazily across the grass and a light musical note floated up from the strands that rubbed together.<p>

A figure darted through the grass, pushing it away as he sprinted through the plain. A thin trail of smoke was the direction in which the man traveled and he finally pushed through a wall of grass and into a wide-open campground. Dark-skinned men and women wandered through the grounds, as well as clusters of Animals, though there were few. The smoke the man had followed came from a massive bonfire in the center of the grounds.

The man, who had been wearing a hooded dark green cloak, pushed back his hood to reveal a light skinned face and dark brown hair. His black eyes scanned the grounds until he found a large tent that sat behind the bonfire. Dusting grass flecks from his shoulders, the man began to make his way through the grounds.

A small girl laughed as she threw a ball to a Bear cub, who caught it with his paws and grinned. A Dog stood guard by a gap in the wall of grass, his ears tilted forward and his nose sniffing at the air.

The man smiled to himself as he observed the interactions between the humans and the Animals. From all he had learned, the racism against the Animals had been harsh from the Wizard and Madame Morrible, and many had fled to the wild. Lucky for them, the people of the plains had taken them in and protected them from the Wizard's men.

Reaching the tent behind the bonfire, the man took a deep breath and straightened his cloak. Two guards stood at attention, but once they saw the man's face, they bowed and parted the curtain that served as the door. The man bowed his head to them and entered the tent.

Immediately a wave of stench bowled into him, almost causing the man to stumble back. Fighting back the urge to cover his nose, as he knew it would be disrespectful, the man stood tall, and shivered. He forgot about the ice packs that were brought down from the mountains to dissipate the stench. Through the darkness and fog from the ice, the man made out three figures. The first two were obviously men,

but the third was a large mound that seemed to be lying on its side, but when he entered, the mound twisted and jerked until it faced his direction.

One of the men, a short squatty one with dark skin and the appearance of one well past their prime approached the man. "Master Tick," his voice was gravely from age and the man bowed to him. "A pleasure to see you again."

Tick looked at the man and stood back up. "I accomplished the deed, Your Highness. The Orb has been saved."

The squatty man turned to face the mound and spoke Tick's words in a garbled language. The mound shivered briefly and garbled back to the translator, who turned back to Tick.

"I am pleased at your words, Master Tick. Above all things sacred to the land of Oz, the Emerald Orb must be kept safe from those who plan to abuse its power." The man paused as more words were said. "Was it discovered?"

"Yes," Tick said proudly. "The winged monkey found the orb and took it back the castle in Kiamo Ko. I followed, from a distance, and observed everything."

At his words, the mound sat up, with difficulty. The second man, who still stood by the mound, helped prop it up against a pile of pillows.

"And what," the mound asked. "Did you observe?"

For a moment, Tick paused to think of the events that happened after the monkey had brought the Orb to the castle. "The letter was read, though much of the message was ruined due to the rain. The image confused them, so I don't believe they know the full significance of the Orb, but in time, they will."

"Time,"

Tick turned his head to the second man, who nodded slowly.

"Yes indeed, in time they will discover the true value of the power of the Orb." The man bowed his head to the mound and approached Tick. "And, what of the ones who discovered the Orb?"

Unnerved by the nearness of the man, Tick took a slight step back and straightened his spine. "If you are referring to the Green One, she survived the attack. Through the use of a trap door, she fooled them all into believing the 'pure water' melted her. All, but the ex-ruler of the castle."

"The prince of Kiamo Ko?" the mound asked.

Tick nodded. "Yes. Either transformed, or disguised, as a scarecrow, he returned to his castle. Apparently the magic of the Grimmerie saved his life."

The second man chuckled and shook his head. "Once they discover what the Orb truly is, he'll be in for quite the surprise. Fire doesn't do good with straw."

"They already have."

Everyone in the tent froze and stared at Tick in shock. The mound stirred in its spot, almost painfully, and the translator and other man had to rush to make it comfortable again.

"The egg," the mound gasped. "It has hatched?"

"The moment their hands met on the Orb." Tick shrugged. He too had not been expecting the Birth to happen so soon. "I have no answer as to why it happened, or how, but happened it did."

The mound looked at the two men flanking it and, to their surprise, stood. A long appendage unwrapped from its head and reached out, grasping the air as if looking for an answer. With a sharp intake of breath, the half-Elephant pulled back its head and looked at Tick.

"Her Highness wishes to know," the translator cleared his throat and continued. "Has a name been given?"

Tick nodded and inhaled slowly. "Kro. They have named her Kro."

The Elephant nodded to the translator and he looked back to Tick. "You are dismissed. Thank you for all you have done, Master Tick."

Tick bowed and backed out of the tent, taking an immediate breath of fresh air once he was out.

The second man turned to the translator and Elephant and grinned. "So, she is a 'she'? I was half expecting it to be a boy, just out of total nostalgia."

"Whatever the sex," the Elephant said as it collapsed back onto the pillows. "The child will serve as a great importance to the fate of Oz. But, it all depends on what the West One chooses to do."

"You mean Elphaba." The man's voice was steady. "If I may ask, Your Highness, why send the Orb to her? Why not keep it here?"

"Because only together will their power grow. Only together will they have the strength to battle the threat that will rise from the Emerald City." The Elephant turned its head, swinging its great snout around its throat like a boa.

The translator nodded as a few words were spoken and looked at the man. "You have been dismissed, Master Heart. Her Highness is exhausted and needs her rest."

Heart bowed his head and backed away. "As you wish." Turning on his heel, the man walked briskly out the tent and into the campground. By now, most of the people and Animals had retired to their own tents, leaving him alone. With a sigh, Heart walked to the bonfire and gazed at the flames. The light from the flames illuminated his pale skin as a light breeze blew through his shoulder-length black hair. Hazel eyes gleaming in the light, Heart looked up at the night sky and smiled at the stars.

"Let's see how you handle this predicament, Elphie."

\* \* \*

><p>In the month that Elphaba and Fiyero had discovered Kro's egg, they had not been given a chance to rest. And they quickly learned, Kro seemed to burn with an energy that all children had at a young age, but at the same time, most children where not fire-breathing dragon hatchlings.<p>

Teaching Kro how to use the chamber pot had been a challenge that neither had enjoyed in the least. The morning after Kro hatched, Elphaba had woken up to a sour stench that came from a yellow puddle on the floor. Fiyero had not wanted to do anything to help, until Elphaba gave him the choice between the puddle and the pile of Oz-knew-what in the corner.

Once they had figured out the spots Kro went to for business, they had placed the chamber pot in the exact position. At first, Kro did not understand what the large pot object was and had climbed to the top to examine it. Thankfully Fiyero was close at the time and saved Kro from an unfortunate tumble. After a few misses and spills, Kro understood the value of the pot and followed the slow procession up the stairs and to the bathroom.

Fire breathing was another challenge that Elphaba was left to deal with on her own, since Fiyero would take no part in it. That literally backfired on him when Kro attacked a pile of dust by his leg and had a sneezing fit. Elphaba later found the scarecrow, now a charred brown, in the well that sat in the tower.

Finding a way to communicate to Kro that the fire was dangerous to Fiyero was not what Elphaba had expected. While trying to find a way to show the danger, she immediately began talking to the baby dragon. Elphaba sat on a wide window bench and watched as Kro chased the beams of sunlight that came through the glass.

"I know you didn't mean harm to Fiyero," Elphaba said quietly, thinking the dragon did not hear her. "But fire is dangerous, especially for the current condition he is in. I know fire breathing is a dragon's nature, but I wish you could be more careful." When Elphaba turned her head to Kro, she was surprised to see the baby dragon sitting on its haunches staring intently at her.

Sunlight glinted in the ruby eyes and the dragon blinked slowly and tilted its head as it stared at Elphaba. With a slow nod, Kro chirped and smiled at the witch, revealing a faint white lump in her gum line. It took Elphaba a bit to realize she was staring at the beginning of Kro's first set of teeth. With a laugh, Elphaba reached down and lifted the baby dragon to her lap and began stroking her back.

Soon after that, whenever Kro was near Fiyero and had to sneeze she would run to the nearest window and unleash a stream of flames. If there was a bucket, but no window, Kro would sink her head into the water and a puff of steam would rise from the bucket. A stunned Fiyero watched as Kro pulled her dripping head from the bucket and, shaking her head, snorted, and trotted off. When he later told Elphaba about the dragon's strange behavior, she was shocked.

"I didn't think she understood me," she whispered and told Fiyero about Kro's reaction to her words.

The scarecrow raised his eyebrows in surprise. "You don't think she actually knew what you were saying, do you?"

"I don't know," said Elphaba with a shrug. "But obviously Kro is capable of more than that of a normal dragon."

That statement was proven much sooner than either of them expected.

Bright and early one morning, Elphaba woke to the sound of frantic squeaking. Fighting back the urge to yawn, Elphaba slowly sat up in the large bed that she occupied and rubbed her eyes with her palms. "What in the name of Oz?"

"Elphaba!"

The witch jumped at the sound of Fiyero's yell and she threw off the blankets and sprinted out of the room. Despite the fact she wore only a nightgown and ignoring the chill of the cold stones on her bare feet, Elphaba raced to the stairs that led to the main room and slide to a halt as Fiyero sprinted up to her.

"What is it?"

Without a single word, Fiyero turned and pointed to the middle of the room. Elphaba followed the direction of his finger and gasped as a mouse skittered across the floor with Kro hot on its tail. She had seen Kro chase mice already, so she was not surprised by the action. What made her gasp was the realization that Kro had grown from the size of a kitten to that of a small child.

Wings tucked firmly on her back, Kro swung her hand-like paws at the mouse and lunged forward. Unfortunately, the mouse had found a hole in the wall and bolted through, leaving Kro nothing but a stonewall to be her brake.

"Kro!" Elphaba yelled and hurried down the stairs to the dragon with Fiyero behind her. The dragon moaned and slowly sat up, rubbing its bruised head with a paw. By the time the couple reached the dragon, tears were welling up in her eyes and threatening to fall.

Immediately, Elphaba kneeled down and wrapped her arms around Kro and began to rock her. Fiyero crouched down right behind her and ran a hand over Kro's head, making sure to avoid her horns, which had started to sprout points.

"Someone's a growing girl," he said with a smile and scratched her ears. Kro gave a light purr and nuzzled into his hand, sniffing to stop her tears.

Elphaba pulled back enough to examine Kro and stared at the dragon. The down on her body had parted on her shoulders to reveal scales that gleamed lightly, but when she touched them, they were soft. "Growing girl, indeed." She laughed and looked at Fiyero. "What do you think she'll do next?"



Fiyero removed his hand from Kro's head and scratched his chin in thought and laughed. "Maybe, she'll start calling you Mama and me Papa."

"Doubt it," Elphaba rolled her eyes. "You look nothing like her papa, and the only similarity we share is skin tone." The couple laughed and looked at Kro.

The dragon blinked and looked from Elphaba to Fiyero, then lowered her head. A soft sound whispered from her throat and Elphaba and Fiyero looked at each other, before leaning in to Kro.

"What was that?" Fiyero teased lightly.

Taking a breath, Kro looked back up and, in a soft voice, spoke. "Ma-ma, Pop-a." Steadying herself, Kro looked up and fixed her ruby eyes on the couple staring in shock at her.

"Mama, Papa."

(I know the dragon is an OC, but trust me when I say there is a legit reason why she is a part of the story.)

So, what'd you guys think so far? Why would Elphaba and Fiyero be sent a dragon egg with a not-normal dragon? What about the people in the plain? What do they know?

For those of you who know who Tick was talking with, thumbs up to you!

For those of you who might be stuck on my trivia question in the first chapter, here is a little hint: it does not represent a time, but a date.

Keep on reviewing and I'll keep the updates a'coming!

Have a happy Thanksgiving!)

End  
file.